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A PASTORAL.

The sun shines bright o'er the new-mown fields,
That bask 'neath the summer noonday sky,
The oriole sits in his leafy home
And trills forth a welcome to Minnie and I.
The noisy brook goes splashing along,
As down by its mossy bank we lie,
And seems to echo the song of joy
That thrills the hearts of Minnie and I.

O'er the summer air comes the drowsy hum
Of the lazy locust passing by;
And he stops his flight to gaze awhile,
Droning his song to Minnie and I.

The fair summer flowers glance 'neath the light,
As they lift their heads to the bright blue sky,
And preach a sermon of God's wise love
To the reverent ears of Minnie and I.

But fairer than flower, field, or brook,
As I gaze in the depths of her soft blue eye,
Is she who archly answers my gaze
As we sit together, Minnie and I.

PALETTA.

MUSICAL GENIUS.—Rousseau, in his dictionary, gives a portrait of musical genius, the truth, animation and eloquence of which entitle it to a place in this work:—"Seek not, young artist," says the citizen of Geneva, "the meaning expressed by the word *genius*. If you are inspired with its flame, you feel it. Are you destitute of genius, you will never be acquainted with it. The genius of a musician submits the universe to his art. He paints objects by sounds; he gives a language even to silence itself; he renders ideas by sentiments, sentiments by accents; and the passions he represents are drawn from the recesses of the heart. By his aid, pleasure assumes new charms; the grief to which he gives utterance draws forth our sighs; he is continually burning, but never consumed. He expresses with fire even the coldest subjects; in painting the horrors of death, he conveys to the soul that sentiment of life which never abandons it, and which he communicates to all hearts formed for its reception. But, alas! his strains avail nothing to those in whom seeds like his own are not implanted; and his prodigies are scarcely felt by those who are incapable of imitating the fervour that gives them birth. Do you wish to know whether any spark of this devouring flame inspires you? Be quick! hasten to Naples—listen to the masterpieces of Leo, Durante, Jomelli, and Pergolese. If your eyes are filled with tears, if you feel your heart palpitate, if joy agitates your bosom, if sorrow involves you in transports, take Metastasio in your hand and labor; his genius will inflame yours; you will form a creation after his example. Stimulants like those will animate your genius; and the eyes of others will afterward restore you the tears your masters have caused you to shed. But if the charms of this grand art leave you tranquil and contented, if you feel no ravishing transports, if you discover nothing beautiful, dare you ask what is *genius*? Vulgar mortal! profane not the sacred appellation. What would it avail thee to know it—thou who canst not feel it? Compose in the French style and peaceably retire."

JENA.—A successful performance of J. S. Bach's *Johannes-Pass'ons-Musik* has been given here.

ART MATTERS.

There is no denying the fact that the love for art is daily increasing in this country. That is, a keener appreciation, a truer knowledge, and a more just, thorough, and searching criticism of its works. Almost every person of refinement is now a good critic of pictures, can talk sensibly of colour, chiaroscuro, and the styles of different artists. Years ago this was not so; then the public mind ran more upon mercantile pursuits and politics; literature and art languished beneath the sway of commerce, while writers and artists were looked upon as a useless class, of little good to themselves and of none to the world at large. The almost total change in this state of affairs is transparent to the meanest capacity; men now-a-days sneer no more at artists and their works, the society of artists is cultivated, their opinions looked up to, and the artists themselves have taken that position in the country which their worth and talent entitle them to.

As civilization advances so does art. A people must be educated, refined before it can learn to fully appreciate and understand the beauty of the painter's art. Before it can learn that in him lies the power to elevate its mind, to bring it into closer contact with God in the beauty of His creations; that with him lies the power to preach mute, wordless sermons which go nearer to touch the heart than thousands of verbose homilies, droned from pulpits to sleepy auditors. "We will worship God in nature, God in all things;" go forth into the green fields and see the ripening grain; go into the deep fastnesses of the forest and watch the deer as he passes by; go by the sea shore and listen to the never ending roar of the great ocean, as it laps our feet, or sullenly dashes against the rocks. Go forth with callous hearts and return truer, better, wiser men.

To all these the artist leads us. At his beck we go into these scenes of enchantment and hold communion with God through his handiwork. His the pleasure, ay the duty, to "hold the mirror up to nature" that we, looking in, may see the wisdom, love, and power of the Almighty.

Not long since a picture gallery was the exception not the rule here in New York. Now they can be counted by the dozen, and every one of them drives a thriving trade; here we can find the best works not only of native but of foreign artists. New York is evidently becoming an art centre. Freed, to a degree, from the practical, business feeling which heretofore clogged it, society is becoming more and more polished; more, as it were, moulded into its better self, a self which can take genuine delight in and be willing to receive instruction from art; a self that sees that to compete with the countries of the Old World, America must foster and

encourage art and literature to a greater extent than she has heretofore; and, moreover, a self that *will see it done*. I am not speaking now of shoddy, petroliia, and politicians, they are a hopeless class, but of our better society—men and women who would pass as gentlemen and ladies in a foreign court, people of culture and refinement; the others are out of the question entirely, risen as they are, from the lowest walks of life by the turns of fortune, and who are probably incapable of an idea beyond stocks or a new dress. Besides which, they are not fair representatives of the American people, and of such only would I speak.

Go into the parlours of any of our best families and you will find there good pictures, good books, beautiful articles of *vertu*, and a general feeling of good taste, in strong contrast to the gaudy, ginger bread appearance which characterized them in days gone by. We are advancing. As the country grows older and civilization is more widely disseminated, so the people progress in the same ratio. The savage has his love for finery, sometimes in one form, sometimes another.

In England we find the Druids building vast, uncouth temples to their gods; trace this sentiment throughout ages and we now find England possessing some of the greatest monuments of architecture in the known world. In America we have vast rolling prairies, wide rivers, and trackless forests; American art definitively and representatively turns to landscape. In Ireland we still find specimens of Celtic architecture, principally prominent in roadside crosses, masses of intricate and ingenious lines—these same crosses we now find introduced with surpassing beauty and effect into modern architecture. So on through every country; time alone can work out its improvement and civilization, causing the idea in embryo to become the characteristic and shining point of attraction in a nation. America is still young, but, in this age of lightning, has probably made more rapid strides towards civilization than any country of the world. We are a more observing, receptive people, can sooner comprehend an idea and take in all its different bearings than they of the old world. Hence our speedier improvement. What it has taken England centuries to do, we, with modern improvements and quicker minds, have been able to accomplish in years.

Let us then foster and encourage this growing love for art. It is a sign of good things, and will go farther to make us really respected by the nations of the world than riches or power; which, after all, are but things of to-day, while art is for all eternity.

PALETTA.

AUGSBURG.—Dr. Otto Bach is engaged in a three act national opera, entitled *Leonora*. It is founded on the old legend of *The Spectre Horseman*, partiblly used by Burger in his celebrated ballad.